

Tea For Two

by KaiBlueOtaku

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 08:32:42

Updated: 2016-04-11 08:32:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:58:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,180

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A simple nightly ritual becomes so much more, as the most unexpected confession is given to the most unlikely set of ears.

Coarse language, romantic themes, implied Drarry.

Tea For Two

A/N: I am only a casual Harry Potter fan- seen the movies once each, never read the booksâ€¦ So, if I say something that's not canon, please forgive my ignorant muggle waysâ€¦ I'm just dreadfully fond of the Drarry ship, and I saw a screenshot of a tumblr post where someone suggested something that I felt I simply HAD to write outâ€¦ I hope it stands up to the scrutiny of the die-hard fansâ€¦

****_Disclaimer:** The talented J.K. Rowling is the owner of the Harry Potter series, and all its characters. I am merely borrowing them to tell my story. I own only my plot and ideas. I receive no financial compensation for my writing._**

Being a house elf wasn't such a terrible job.

Dobby took plenty of abuse from Lucius, to be sure; usually over trifling things, like the meal being not quite hot enough to his master's liking, or fingerprints left on the polished silver. But on the whole, it was an alright existence. His basic needs were provided for, if meagerly, and he didn't really have extravagant wants or desires. It's what he was born into, and he'd never known any different, and so Dobby just accepted things as they were.

He had a set schedule of routine chores, both daily and weekly, and then of course whatever other miscellaneous tasks his master and mistress came up with for him to perform as needed; tasks such as cleaning the chimney flues, washing the windows on the mansion inside and out, running errands, and the like.

During these cold winter evenings, it was always Dobby's job to set

the hot ashes in the warming pans and place them at the foot of the beds between the sheets, and turn down the covers. After that, on the weekends and holiday breaks when he came home, the young master took a cup of tea in his room as he studied his lessons. Most of the students lived full-time in the dormitories at Hogwarts academy; but the Malfoy's were well-to-do, and no expense was ever spared in the comfort of the spoiled only-child of the family, and so he often returned home once the school week was ended.

Dobby was dusting in the foyer on such an evening when Draco stormed in, stomping the snow off his boots, growling in frustration at his scarf as he struggled to disentangle himself from it. He shrugged out of his coat and tossed the whole snow-damp mess in Dobby's direction, very nearly knocking the slight-framed house elf off his feet.

"Did the young master have a nice week at school?" Dobby entreated timidly, sincerely concerned. Draco was usually more well-put-together than this; he didn't seem himself at all, very uncharacteristically off-kilter and distressed.

"Do I look like I've had a good week, you fool?" Draco spat, not even bothering to look back as he stormed up the stairs to his room.

Dobby was a gentle-hearted creature, even if his masters were sometimes cruel. As he hung the coat and scarf on the coat rack, he pondered if there was something he could do to cheer his young master. _Perhaps Dobby could make a small pie, to take up to the young master with his evening tea, _the house elf considered, and set off toward the kitchen to gather up the ingredients.

Later, when Dobby brought the tray up the stairs, a miniature apple pie sat companionably next to the tea cup and saucer on its own small plate. Dobby knocked on the door and pushed it gently open, peeking inside. Draco was seated at his desk, pouring over his text books. He didn't even glance over when Dobby came in the room, and the house elf crossed the room and slid the tray on the corner of the desk before Draco looked up, startled. "Oh, it's just you," Draco mumbled, and turned back to his books, but did a double-take at the tray. "What's that?"

Dobby balked. "Uhâ€¦ Dobby thought that the young master might enjoy a warm treat on a cold night, after his difficult week at schoolâ€¦"

Draco picked up the fork and dug into the pie, taking a bite of the still-warm pastry. He gave an appreciative "Hmmm" as he chewed, and went back to his books. Dobby sighed in relief; he probably wasn't going to get punished for 'wasting supplies,' or bringing unwanted food, at least.

He lingered a bit longer than usual, and gathered his courage. "Uhâ€¦ Sir?"

Malfoy gave the house elf a sidelong, irritable glance.

"Sirâ€¦" Dobby swallowed hard. "Dobby was wondering, sirâ€¦ If there was anything Dobby could do, sir, to help the young master's week to be better?" He cringed a little, fully expecting a swat on the ear for being too forward and presumptuous.

Draco sighed in annoyance. "Not unless you can banish Harry Potter from Hogwartsâ€|" he mumbled.

"Sir?" Dobby was confused.

Malfoy shook his head, motioning dismissively. "Just some filthy half-blood at schoolâ€| He's got the most drab, mousy brown hair, and this ridiculous scar on his forehead that looks like a lightning boltâ€|" Draco sat up and drew his finger down his forehead to demonstrate the location of the scar. "And these stupid, round-framed glasses, that make him look like a damned owlâ€| And the mostâ€| beautiful green eyesâ€|" Draco sighed, leaning back in his chair, staring off vacantly for a moment before he snapped back to himself. "Iâ€| Thank youâ€| That will be all." He waved his hand in a shooing motion, and Dobby didn't need to be told twice. He skittered out of the room, perplexed, but somehow feeling he had seen something he wasn't meant to.

The next night, after dinner clean-up and setting the bed warmers in place, Dobby brought up the young master's cup of tea, as usual. He knocked and brought the tray in, setting it on the corner of the desk again. Draco mumbled something, clearly preoccupied with something other than his books. He rubbed his eyes and pushed the texts away from himself, leaning back in his chair. "Damn that Potter," Draco grumbled. "He's so infuriating."

Dobby stood quietly, hands folded, not sure what to do.

"He's such a goody two shoes," Draco snarled, balling his fist tightly. "And, he just makes me feel soâ€|" He looked away, and Dobby thought he saw a tear shimmer down Draco's cheek before it was swiped away with the sleeve of his woolen sweater. "Father would kill me," he whispered. He whirled back on Dobby, his eyes glistening, face contorted with inner turmoil. He twisted his fingers in the front of the house elf's filthy rag of a shift, and jerked him closely, nose to nose. "You mustn't tell him," Draco insisted through clenched teeth. "You mustn't tell anyoneâ€|"

>Dobby trembled and cringed. "Dobby would never, sir."
Draco let out a sigh and released the servant, hanging his head in his hands, tears streaming freely, dripping onto his pages and blurring the ink. "I think I'm in love with him," he confessed between his sobs. "It could never be thoughâ€| He's a half blood, and I'm the heir of the house of Malfoyâ€| It wouldn't doâ€| wouldn't be proper for the only son of Lucius Malfoy to be aâ€| a faggotâ€|" He shuddered as he spit out the last word, burying his face in his sleeve, weeping piteously.

>Dobby stood by awkwardly, wringing his hands.
Draco finally wiped his eyes and the back of his hand to his mouth, hiccuping as he settled a bit. He reached out and picked up his tea cup and saucer, trembling hands clanking them clumsily together as he brought it to his lips and sipped on it. "He'sâ€|" Draco paused. "He's perfect. And here I am, the boy who could have anything money could buyâ€| But I can't have him." He started deeply into his teacup, rubbing circles on the painted rosebuds with his thumb. "You mustn't tell anyone," he insisted.

>"Dobby would never, sir," the house elf assured the distraught young man.
Draco nodded absently and sipped his tea. "Goodnight," he murmured, and Dobby gave a slight bow, and left him alone.

>Draco went back to school the next day, and so Dobby was left all

week long wondering about the torment of his young master.
The next weekend, when Draco was home, Dobby brought him his tea as always. As he slid the tray onto the desk, he cautiously inquired, "How was the young master's week at school?"

Draco huffed, and got a smirk on his face. "Potter got a perfect score on a test, and that Granger girl missed a fewâ€¦ She came unhinged, it was hilarious." He chuckled to himself and stared off dreamily. "He's so smart and wonderful." Then his eyes darkened, and he looked down. "I don't know how to be around himâ€¦ I get nervous, and I end up being mean, because I'm so afraid someone is going to see the way I really feelâ€¦" He became quiet then and introspective, and Dobby left him to his thoughts.

This ritual went on for some time; Dobby would bring him his evening tea, and Draco would banter on about his undying adoration for this other student. Dobby never needed to say anything; he only stood attentively and listened. He may as well have been a piece of furniture. He wasn't entirely sure why Draco was bothering to talk to him at all, but as best as Dobby could figure, his young master just needed someone to hear him, who wouldn't pass judgment. Every night, Draco swore him to secrecy before he left, and Dobby pledged it willingly. It did his heart good to see his young master's face light up as he swooned over his first love, and silence was a small price to pay for that. Dobby himself was beginning to grow fond of this Harry Potter with which his young master was so smitten, whom he painted in such a noble and flattering light in all of his stories.

One evening, near the end of the summer break, Lucius was having a dinner party. All the house elves were busy as bees keeping the guests served, and showing the lavish hospitality of the Malfoys. After the dinner was done, the party retired to the parlor, and the cleanup was taken care of by Dobby and his fellows.

He brewed the tea for his young master and hummed to himself as he brought it up to him, rather pleased with how the evening had gone, on the whole. When he opened the door though, he was distressed to find Draco crumpled on the floor, completely wrecked, sobbing his eyes out. Dobby set the tray down and went over to him, hesitantly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Young masterâ€¦ Whatever is the matter?"

Draco took a while to compose himself enough to speak. "I overheardâ€¦ thingsâ€¦ at the party tonight, and outside the parlorâ€¦" He sat up suddenly, and looked directly at Dobby with a sense of urgency. "Iâ€¦ I need you to take a message. To someone in the muggle world."

"Muggles, sir?"

Draco stood and leaned over his desk, sniffing, scribbling on a scrap of parchment as he spoke. "Yes. This person mustn't return to school in the fall. It is a matter of utmost importance. There are plots afoot, horrible things, that would threaten their safety. You must be sure they agree not to come back." He ripped off the paper and folded it, handing it to Dobby. "Do whatever you must. Here is the address. Andâ€¦" Draco took a deep breath. "Whatever happens, they mustn't know whose house you serve. They mustn't know I sent you. If the family found out about all of this, it would be terrible.

You understand?"

"Yes sir, of course, sir," Dobby replied.

Draco fell into his seat, head hanging in defeat. "Go on thenâ€¦ Go deliver your message."

House elves have a bit of magic themselves, and he travelled quickly to the destination, and made his way to the window indicated in the note he had been given. It was luckily unlocked, and he let himself in, climbing onto the desk, closing the window carefully behind him.

Dobby found himself alone in a small bedroom. It was extremely tidy, and he glanced around to try to gain a hint of his whereabouts. There was a lovely drawing of a white owl hung on the door of the wardrobe cabinet, but other than that, everything was very plain.

The house elf hopped from the desk onto the bed, and bounced into a tumble. He giggled, and got on all fours, pressing the mattress, then stood and gave it another little hop. He began jumping in earnest then, laughing with delight.

Dobby suddenly realized there was someone in the room with him. He turned, and stopped his revelry. The mousy brown hairâ€¦ The lightning bolt scarâ€¦ The stupid, round framed glassesâ€¦ The beautiful green eyesâ€¦

Dobby gasped. "Harry Potterâ€¦ It is an honor, sirâ€¦"

End
file.